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FIGURE PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS

BY

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ARTISTS

The Studio. Special number. 1923.

FIGURE PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS

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IN WATER-COLOURS
BY CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ARTISTS
WITH FOREWORD BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

1923

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3.7.23.

EDITED BY GEOFFREY HOLME
LONDON: "THE STUDIO," LTD. 44 LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

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1923

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NOTE.—The Editor desires to express his thanks to the artists and owners (their names appear with the respective illustrations) who have kindly lent their drawings for reproduction in this volume.

FOREWORD

IT is, by now, a good many weeks since I was asked to write something by way of introduction to this subject: figure painting in water-colours by modern British artists. Without demur I concurred in the plan; honestly intending to carry it out; furthermore —expecting to do so without difficulty. Hopefully I have again and again got out some of the reproductions of this book to study, and filled my pen to set to work with an untroubled conviction that that which is required of me would happen. Nothing has happened. And, moreover, yet nothing happens; except that the publishers, still hopeful, grant me an extension of time. I, less fortunate, now have no hope, for I have perceived clearly what is the matter. And it is, no more and no less, this: that my mind's eye cannot focus the subject. I tell myself to get on with it; and to get down to it; yet the focus evades me; for the very words " figure painting " invoke the vision of an art that has been man's constant entertainment since the beginning of his time on earth. On the walls of his temple, his house, his tomb; on his banners, his battle array, his bedding, his praying-mats—man has painted the human figure. He has treated it in every conceivable way: hieroglyphically, calligraphically, representationally, decoratively, realistically, impressionistically; carelessly, bestially, conscientiously, reverently—as the case may be; and in so far as grace within him lay so to do. Through this art he has told all the tales of the feats of his gods, his own prowess, his loves, his adventures. He has emblazoned his history from his cradle to his grave in this world and from his grave to his cradle in the next world—on everything that he could lay his brush to; everything: stone, pottery, wood, china, glass, silk, skin—even his own!—and is still doing so. And in all this he is doubtless fulfilling his destiny but by these feats and achievements he is narrowing his own field for adventure; and making my task a well-nigh impossible one; for, without extreme eccentricity, he has now scarcely any path left through which to be modern, or British, or pre-, or post-anything. As the comedian of my youth would have said: " When he goes for a walk, he has nowhere to go but back! "

How then is the mind's eye to focus on the modern painter as a subject? How is he in any way to be distinguished from the crowd? Has he, that is the question, distinction? Might one not as easily hope to introduce as a subject the breathing, walking or sleeping of the modern man, preferably British? There are, I believe, treaties written on breathing as practised by the best people. Very nice subtleties! To me, however, it seems clear that so long as man has slept, or walked, or breathed, or eaten, he has painted. Moreover that it is almost a habit with him to do

so possibly well and a constant tendency in him to do so, at discreet intervals, amazingly well—this book of pictures will illustrate both points—and it is this that makes it, for me, impossible to attempt to study modern water-colours without at the same time keeping one eye open on the history of painting in general. I know, of course, that the hopeful evolutionist has a theory that the longer man does certain things the better does he do them; but no help is here—man's painting is not one of such things. For the real fact is that art, as often as not—and it is a most confounding fact to the argument of the evolutionist—follows an almost tidal ebb and flow rather than a constant and stately march to progressional excellence. Furthermore, it does not overstate the matter to say that, where great heights are reached in the art of a nation, the rule is they are followed by an æsthetic degradation, exhibiting the greatest ignorance where, before, was profound knowledge. And let the evolutionist make what he can of it! Nor will he be able to evade the issue by holding that, though art has an ebb and flow, each tide carries it farther than the one before. Glaring instances confound this theory. Any instance chosen almost at random will do: the cave-men were great draughtsmen; indeed to such good purpose did they entertain themselves by painting both figures and animals in water-colour on the walls of their caves that, were some of the more masterly of their drawings to be reproduced here, they might be found to be among the most vital and not the least skilful things in this book. Moreover, not the least "modern." Indeed I am tempted to say that the majority of modern water-colours are less "modern" than the best drawings of the cave-men. How then am I to focus the modern painter? Not by his outlook or achievements but by his medium? No; for no better luck attends me if I turn for guidance to the words "water-colour." Probably the year one is as good a date as any other at which to place, too, the first essay in water-colour painting; for it is inconceivable that the young human animal, finding himself in the neighbourhood of mud, water and enticing surfaces and within easy reach of a stick, should have failed to bedaub surrounding objects with marks which, whether they successfully conveyed his emotions or not—but they probably did, if he was sufficiently in earnest—must have showed his desire to record these in a lasting and visible manner.

Undoubtedly then, water-colour (regarded in its broadest sense) is *the* painting art of all time; and, in bulk, it is no less a thing than man's illuminated manuscript of his whole history. For until the comparatively upstart art of oil painting—which has only some five or six centuries to its age—a mere bagatelle!—all painting else can be ranked as water-colour painting of one kind or another: whether it be the intricate

painting of the tombs of Egypt, or of the colossal frescoes of the Renaissance; the exquisite frieze-like designs of the Greek vase; the great altarpieces of Kobo-Daishi—painted when art in Japan rose to heights that rivalled those of China; the austere and almost incredibly early Chinese paintings on silk that were the source of the Japanese inspiration; the miniatures and calligraphy of Persia, or the manuscripts of the monasteries . . . it is all water-colour painting. And at this point one inevitably remembers *The Book of Kells*—how was it ever achieved!

It is as though no task had been impossible or too varied for the artist who worked in water-colour. I fear it looks very much as though the evolutionist were wrong. And yet perhaps not; possibly we might reach still greater heights, even in the art of water-colour, than ever have been reached before if our conditions for the modern artist were as right and conducive to good work as they undoubtedly were for the artist and craftsman in many periods in the past.

Indeed life in a prison were no bad thing if a man might take his paints there and be allowed the hard labour of his own choosing. Nor did artists shun such a life in the monastic times, which we in our conceit of science incline to think of as half-civilised. We are wrong to do so, for in those days it was no uncommon thing for tonsured heads to be very well filled and furnished inside; though the bare cells in which they worked, lit by narrow mullioned windows, had only rough oak stools and desks, a shelf of phials containing silver, gold, gums and precious powders, a roll of ivory-surfaced parchment . . . the bare essentials of the craft. And outside, of course, there was a garden, seen in quaint distortion through the uneven glass; and sounds—of bees and bells, half muffled through the five-feet walls; and distant murmured chanting; and over all a sense of peace; and the vista of unhurried days in which to paint, and paint, and paint. No thought of gain or fame intruded there; and no delays or interruptions to upset the theme, except the summoning of the monastic bell for " hours," the visit of a wandering knight or the rarer visit of a merchant with, if Providence were kind, his little bags of gold and lapis-lazuli hidden in his packs, to be bartered for blessings and immunity from purgatorial sufferings to come. One great reward—won if the Abbot willed it—the missal might be sent to Rome with faith that that great connoisseur, the Pope, might deign to cast approving eyes on it and bless the work. No reward at all, as we understand the word; except so much reward as lay in the Church's strange wise rule (forgotten now) that if a man could paint, he should, in the most real sense, be free to do so, to the greater glory of God and the infinite enrichment of posterity.

Again, as my mind's eye tracks down the water-colourist through history,

I light upon another time of excellent opportunity for the artist. Those days when Gentile Bellini, the Italian, set the Persian studios aflutter, and when Behzad struggled to surpass him—nay, more—in his desire to do so, coveted to himself Bellini's very subjects, style, effects and model! When Sultan Mohammed, too, wrestled to outdo, in turn, his master Behzad—and sometimes succeeded; his reward; for neglecting like affairs of State, his indignant wives, his meals, the hunt, court etiquette—that he might paint, and paint: miniatures as clear-cut and definite, as objects seen in an eastern sunlight, and yet with mystery—a mystery not obtained by loss of definition or by allowing the picture to pass in certain passages into a state of formlessness. . . . What did he not paint! Prancing horses, slim gazelles, hares, foxes hiding behind delicious and impossible rose-trees, fields of flowers—always flowers—Persian nobles in their knightly or intriguing deeds, the tender scenes of harems, the indiscreet adventures of princesses bathing. . . . Sultan Mohammed—a prince of painters and painters of princes; Court painter to the Shah. With the Shah's slaves to guard him from the least annoyance; the Shah's couriers to hurry for him from the east and west with, not messages of State but, rare colours, exquisite skins. . . . They too were certainly excellent times for the artist!

. . . . .

He is though, always, a perverse creature—the artist; perhaps therefore the modern artist has the distinction and the courage of really preferring to have things in the main set dead against him. Certainly he does seem to prefer to work, as a rule, in conditions that might have driven the old monastic lad insane: Any summer in any village in any country, if you look carefully, you can see him—I mean, of course, the modern artist—seated on a diminutive stool, or on nothing; in front of him a flimsy easel and on the easel—well, what is on the easel varies no more than the village from other villages or the man from other men. He is not alone ever, you will find; any person of the village who has absolutely nothing else to do is with him; his companions, naturally then, are the younger inhabitants; and there is the dog! A friendly beast and inevitable. I will not give the remarks made in stage-whispers by the companions, for our humorous journals have done this subject more than justice—it might be not unjust to say that they exist mainly to reproduce these remarks to the public who, strangely enough, has not yet wearied of them. But to return to the central object of the whole scene—the painting on the easel. A serious work this and destined to escape particular notice among a hundred similar works painted under precisely similar circumstances. The artist knows his job. He is sleepy; the whole summer afternoon is sleepy but—he knows his job; he knows that

nice mixture of colour and water that will run pleasantly down the paper and when it dries will look like thatch; he knows how to turn his drawing-board upside down and let another wash of colour run until it forms a pool of dark that represents the shadow under the thatch. His head is indeed a storehouse of such methods; he is familiar with a dozen receipts for representing a hundred facts. He could paint village streets equally well in his London studio, and frequently does, but life is so much pleasanter in the village; and then, too, he can delude himself into the belief that he is studying Nature, as he goes through this familiar process.

Presently, though, the thought of tea obtrudes itself into his peaceful mind and, deciding that he can continue the picture equally well to-morrow he packs his gear and trudges down the street to his inn. On the whole, relieved and glad to stop his work. However, it is possible that, tea finished and his pipe filled, a careful observer might notice a change come over him, such as comes over a person when their thoughts are suddenly of intense interest. His movements become active and he leaves the inn—a sketch-book in his hand, a small paint-box and sundry other matters stuffed into his pocket. He is through the village and away out on the downs in a few minutes. His stride is full of purpose: he is going to paint in the valley just as the sun dips to the hills; he remembers the down that looked like a green velvet cushion with gold-headed pins stuck into it, and he wants to see those trees across the valley throwing shadows so long that they cross two fields, and the quarry-men, each also with a giant shadow, going home in single file—for there he knows that he will find his moment of vision.

He has forgotten to bring half his colours, his india-rubber is not in his pocket, nor his matches—it does not matter—nothing matters so long as he can transfer some version of the wonder of his vision while the light lasts. He no longer appears to be the same man as the skilful professional of the earlier afternoon; he has no receipts for this subject, he does not even try to remember any, for he is concerned with one aim only and is, for the time being, inspired. It is the moment for which he has been marking time and by it he is metamorphosed from the tradesman to the artist. It is, too, the psychological moment—though he may not think of it—that allies him across the ages with the draftsman of the cave; for the same spirit now inspires him, however dissimilar may be the object of his inspiration. Having to his hand the medium perfectly suited to express his mood and, untrammelled now by empty conventions and fired at last with a sincerity equal to that of the cave-man, like him, he does a little masterpiece; and incidently thereby he proves my argument that man is still the same—a being who walks, and breathes,

and sleeps, and paints. Of course, and above all—*paints*! How well he does it, too! How well the old spirit stands him in good stead: for in much the same spirit as the cave-man must the better things in this book have been painted. There is a boy-escaped-from-school feeling about some of them; I see it especially in some of Mr. Sargent's water-colours—and I say this with the most complete and serious respect—that gives them the peculiar charm of young work, albeit they have in them the learning of immense experience. Mr. Sargent's water-colours have, too, the lovely quality of being never dry; I do not of course mean this literally, but that the washes do retain the limpid quality of water—as though it were still on the paper. . . . To see one such sketch is to want many of them. In fact I want a whole portfolio full! And, by the way, what an excellent thing a portfolio is—the life's work of an artist—all that is finest apart from his larger paintings—could, in most cases, be stored in one or in a couple; so too could be a good collection of the work of all the best English water-colourists. Why then do the hundreds, perhaps thousands of persons who are interested in water-colour painting not cultivate the portfolio-habit. The smallest flat could then contain a collection numbering hundreds of examples; more than this: they would be kept in the best possible state of preservation; and after twenty, thirty, fifty years they would be as fresh as ever, and ready for the collector whenever it is his mood to enjoy his collection—though probably after fifty years it would not be the same collector who enjoyed it! That the portfolio is not now a habit is one more of the many things that are set against the modern artist. It is of course only a minor thing; so many though and so much graver are the things that are set against him that the point for amazement is not so much why we can evolve no one who can beat the ancients at the game of painting, as rather that we now, in such an abominable civilisation as our present one, still produce so many considerable artists among us. I am glad I happened upon the idea that the modern artist likes and prefers to have things run counter to him. Nothing less, I think, than this can account for the brave phenomenon of these considerable artists among us. Is there anything that we do not array against him from Zoo-sketching-tickets up to governments. We are logical; our point of view is: that art is not to be encouraged; the public moneys are not to be spent on it; that England has got on, commercially, so far very well without it, and we hope will continue to do so; and that whatever policies we may have at home or abroad this inimical attitude to art must be retained. With such a point of view it is amazing how we ever came to possess the wonderful collections of works of art that we do, in our museums. But these are due to the enthusiasm of the few.

Meanwhile the artist achieves what he achieves—and this is, I say, the great feat—in a civilisation that provides everything to debase and debauch the æsthetic taste in the individual and the public.

Education sets no standard for the arts; the buildings that surround us are, by day and night, becoming more hideous; alterations and additions to them are allowed to distort what little architectural significance there is in them. Our war-memorials stand to posterity for the fact that all the experience and suffering of the greatest war in history did not stimulate us, except occasionally, to much more than the borrowing of an Egyptian symbol; and that, too, without inquiring too closely into its original significance. That we do this sort of thing as a pleasantry it would be fantastic to suppose. What then? Are we actuated by a wish to pay a delicate compliment to our Gipsy visitors? Is it not wholly that our eclectic impulses are become so dormant that, so long as we avoid any display of patriotism (now that the war is over!) or offending in any way the religious susceptibilities of our Plymouth or alien brethren, we are indifferent to what is erected, or what it means, or why. I have a certain memorial—in front of an old coaching-inn in a north-western suburb—in my mind's eye at the moment; and, by the way, in this case the Egyptian symbol is improved with additions that have to be seen to be credited!

In our miles of posters—that are the poor man's picture gallery—for every poster that should be of value in his eyes there are ten to discount it by deliberate lies and endeavours to mislead—if not by direct statement then by implication. As I am convinced that a man, as Mr. Arnold Bennett says somewhere: "cannot write a good book unless he has some nobility of mind" nor, he might have added, paint a good picture, nor properly appreciate the same when done, so I am equally convinced that the lies of the hoardings are not conducive to nobility of mind in the people, and are therefore æsthetically debasing us as a nation. Great railway companies, having thrown a bridge across a public highway—often æsthetically an offence that should not be permitted in the first place—are then allowed to sell to the highest bidder the right to plaster on it anything he chooses; provided that the police make no objection—and they object only to indecency and treason, and not at all to things lying, puerile, hideous or undignified. London is bad enough, but in provincial cities—Manchester, Birmingham, Belfast and the others, except in a few main streets—the result is a condition of unrelieved patchwork, alternating between sordidness and vulgarity. Fortunately it is as madness destroying itself, for one's eyes become too wearied to notice or read these miles of hoarding. The artist, paradoxically enough, is probably the one to suffer less than anyone else; he may

be able to take his way safely through places that are æsthetically plague-spots: his eyes having been trained to the business of making visual selection. For him the gigantic poster beside the footway can, easily, not be a poster at all but a superb background for some passing human figure. Indeed he may take pleasure in painting the outrageous anachronisms of modern times, and teach a few—a very few!—to see beauty where he has discovered it. But the untrained eyes of the people are innocently open; and the deceitful ones paste æsthetically and morally debasing lies for them on every wall. I say again: What a world for the artist! That man still paints is nothing—a habit; he cannot help himself. But it is not short of a miracle that among our men who paint we should still number several who can be ranked as real masters.

And what a chance missed! Why cannot we become a sensible people and have a Ministry of Fine, Commercial and Applied Arts. And, if we continue to have miles of hoarding in our cities, why cannot that Ministry see to it that they shall be covered by the works only of our more considerable painters; of which we have many. Why not a couple of miles of the glowing and generous brush-work of Mr. Brangwyn with discreet intervals from the more reticent brush of Mr. Lamb, Mr. Dulac or Mr. Rutherston. Such a Ministry of Arts might induce Sir William Orpen, Mr. Augustus John, Mr. Munnings or a dozen others to paint sometimes for the poor man's gallery. We have known the cheer of Lovat Fraser's poster for two years, and it will be a sad day when over it is pasted some crude, vulgar and probably untruthful assertion about beer or soap. The hoardings—if we must endure them—are the greatest opportunity in our modern civilisation for the painter's art; and particularly, perhaps, for the water-colourists' art. They form, as I say, a vast picture gallery through every town and in almost every village up and down the country. Moreover this gallery costs the taxpayer nothing. Surely this should appeal to our parsimony. Here we have an opportunity to promote both art and education at someone else's expense. Glorious thought! When the Rolls-Royce is unavailable and we go home by Tube we can see in the Underground how, sometimes, the right thing is done. And yet we do not bend our inert minds to the problem and take up this power for good that is to our hand.

GEORGE SHERINGHAM.

PLATES

PLATE 1
" SWEET VIOLETS "
BY ANNA AIRY, R.E., R.I.
(Size, 19⅞ × 11⅞ in.)

PLATE 2
"A LADY OF THE COURT"
BY JOHN AUSTEN
(Size, 17¾ × 11⅞ in.)

PLATE 3

"CAFÉ SCENE"

BY WALTER BAYES, A.R.W.S.

(Size, 14⅜ × 12⅜ in.)

PLATE 4
" BUILDING THE RICKS
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A., A.R.W.S.
(Size, 22 × 30 in.)

PLATE 5
" CARAVANS "
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A., A.R.W.S.
(Size, 22 × 28¾ in.)

PLATE 7
"THE CHINESE MIRROR"
BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.W.S., R.S.W.
(Size, 19½ × 26½ in.)

PLATE 8
" VENTURES "
BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.W.S., R.S.W.
(Size, 14 × 17 in.)

PLATE 9
" TATTLE, A HALF-WITTED BEAU "
DESIGN FOR A STAGE DRESS
BY C. LOVAT FRASER
(Size, 18¾ × 13⅜in.)
(*In the possession of Mrs. Lovat Fraser*)

PLATE 10

"EVERY WOMAN SHALL BORROW OF HER NEIGHBOUR, AND OF HER THAT SOJOURNETH IN HER HOUSE, JEWELS OF SILVER, AND JEWELS OF GOLD, AND RAIMENT"

BY D. W. HAWKSLEY, R.I.

(Size, $6\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{5}{8}$ in.)

(In the possession of Sydney C. Cockerell, Esq.)

PLATE 11
" DORCAS "
BY D. W. HAWKSLEY, R.I.
(Size, 37 × 31¼ in.)

PLATE 12
" DOGS AND CHILDREN "
BY LAURA KNIGHT, A.R.W.S.
(Size, 24 × 35 in.)

PLATE 13
" PEASANTS "
BY HENRY LAMB
(Size, $11\frac{1}{8}$ × $16\frac{6}{8}$ in.)
(In the possession of Edward Marsh, Esq., C.B.)

PLATE 14
" DAYS OF YORE "
BY A. j. MUNNINGS, A.R.A., A.R.W.S.
(Size, 14 × 20½ in.)
(In the possession of Mrs. Samuel Baird)

PLATE 15
" THE PIPER "
BY A. J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A., A.R.W.S.
(Size, 20½ × 28½ in.)
(In the possession of F. H. Crittall, Esq.)

PLATE 16

STUDY FOR THE CENTRAL FIGURES OF "A WESTERN WEDDING"
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, K.B.E., R.A., R.I.
(Size, 28 × 19⅝ in.)
(In the possession of R. K. Blair, Esq.)

PLATE
EXPLANATION OF FIGURES

PLATE 17
"BARGAINS AT CALEDONIAN MARKET"
BY H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.I.
(Size, 14⅛ × 19½ in.)

PLATE 18

"LE RÉVEIL"

BY F. CAYLEY ROBINSON, A.R.A., R.W.S.

(Size, 13⅜ × 19¼ in.)

(In the possession of W. G. Hendrey, Esq.)

PLATE 19
" THE BARGELLO "
BY HENRY RUSHBURY, A.R.W.S.
(Size, 12 × 13¾ in.)
(In the possession of R. J. Holliday, Esq.)

PLATE 19

"THE BARGELLO"

BY HENRY REINHARDT, A.R.W.S.

(In the possession of R. T. Dowling, Esq.)

PLATE 20
" THE MAYPOLE IN DORSET "
DECORATION ON SILK FOR A SCREEN
BY ALBERT RUTHERSTON
(Size, 17¾ × 11¾ in.)
(In the possession of Major M. H. Salaman)

PLATE 21

"MISS ELIZA WEDGWOOD WITH MISS SARGENT SKETCHING"
BY JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A., HON. R.S.A., R.W.S.
(Size, $19\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$ in.)
(In the National Gallery of British Art)

PLATE 22
"THE BATHER"
BY RANDOLPH SCHWABE
(Size, 14¾ × 8¾ in.)

PLATE 23
" THE NEW LODGERS "
BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.A., A.R.W.S.
(Size, 10⅝ × 17⅜ in.)
(In the possession of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours)

PLATE 24
" PYTHEAS BUYS AMBER "
BY OLIVE CARLETON SMYTH
(Size, 13½ × 16 in.)

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